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London – at Drury Lane Theatre

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

FIFTH NIGHT.

PART I.

A

GRAND SELECTION

OF

SACRED MUSIC,

PART II. and III.

The Favourite Serenata of

ACIS and GALATEA.

London:

Printed by C. Lowndes, No. 66, Drury-Lane, next the Stage-Door; and sold in the Theatre.

(PRICE SIX-PENCE.)

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OF

SACRED MUSIC.

CHORUS, *Iſrael in Egypt.*

He ſmote all the firſt born of Egypt, the chief of all their ſtrength.

RECITATIVE. *Reſurrection.*

Miſs LEAKE.

Behold the Lord's arm is not ſhortened,
That he cannot ſave; he will ſwallow up
Death in victory: the Lord God will
Wipe away tears from all faces: the
Work of Righteouſneſs ſhall be peace,
And the effect of Righteouſneſs,
Confidence and aſſurance for ever.

AIR.

Lo! this is our God,
We have waited for him,
And he will ſave us:
This is the Lord,
We have waited for him,
And he will ſave us.

AIR, *Athaliah.*

Signora STORACE.

Tyrants would in impious throngs,
Silence his adorer's ſongs;
But ſhall Salem's lyre and lute,
At their proud commands be mute?

CHORUS.

Tyrants ye in vain conſpire,
Wake the lute and ſtrike the lyre;
Why ſhould Salem's lyre and lute,
At their proud commands be mute?

AIR, *Samſon.*

Maſter WELSH.

Loud as the Thunder's awful voice,
In notes of triumph, notes of praiſe,
So high great Dagon's name we'll raiſe,
That heav'n and earth may hear how we rejoice.

Recitative *Judas Macc.*

Mr. MEREDITH.

I feel, I feel the Deity within,
Who, the bright Cherubim between,
His radiant Glory erſt diſplay'd;
To Iſrael's diſtreſsful Pray'r
He hath vouchſafed a gracious Ear,
And points out Macchabæus to their Aid.
Judas ſhall ſet the Captive free,
And lead us on to Victory.

AIR, *Judas Macc.*

Arm, arm, ye brave; a noble Cauſe,
The Cauſe of Heav'n, your Zeal demands;
In defence of your Nation, Religion and Law,
The Almighty Jehovah will ſtrengthen your Hands.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, in bright Array,
Judas, thy Sceptre to obey.

SONG, *Alexander's Feaſt.*

Signora STORACE.

The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care;
And ſigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again.

At length, with love and wine at once oppreſt,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.
The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care;
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again.

CHORUS.

The Many rend the Skies with loud Applauſe;
So Love was crown'd, but Muſick won the Cauſe.

ACIS & GALATEA.

A

SERENATA.

CHORUS.

O The Pleaſures of the Plain!
Happy nymphs, and happy ſwains,
(Harmleſs, merry, free and gay)
Dance and ſport the hours away.

AIR.

Mrs. CROUCH.

For us the zephyr blows,
For us diſtils the dew,
For us unfolds the roſe,
And flowers diſplay their hue:]
For us the winters rain,
For us the ſummers ſhine;
Spring ſwells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Miſs LEAKE.

Ye verdant plains, and woody mountains,
Purling ſtreams, and bubbling fountains,
Ye painted glories of the field,
Vain are the pleaſures which you yield;
To thin the ſhadow of the grove,
Too faint the gales to cool my love.

AIR.

Huſh, ye pretty warbling choir,
Your thrilling ſtrains
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce deſire;
Ceaſe your ſong, and take your flight:
Bring back my Acis to my ſight.

Da Capo.

AIR.

Mr. KELLY.

Where ſhall I ſeek the charming fair?
Direct the way, kind genius of the mountains:
O tell me if you ſaw my dear!
Seeks ſhe the groves, or bathes in chryſtal fountains?

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Mrs. BLAND.

Stay, ſhepherd, ſtay!
See how thy flocks in yonder valley ſtray.
What means this melancholy air?
No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

AIR.

Mrs. BLAND.

Shepherd, what art thou purſuing?
Heedleſs running to thy ruin!
Share our joy, our pleaſure ſhare:
Leave thy paſſion till to-morrow,
Let the day be free from ſorrow,
Free from love, and free from care.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Mr. KELLY.

Lo! here, my love!
Turn Galatea, hither turn thine eyes;
See at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

AIR.

Love in her eyes ſits playing,
And ſheds delicious death;
Love in her lips is ſtraying,
And warbling in her breath.

RECITATIVE.

Mrs. CROUCH.

O! didſt thou know the pains of abſent love,
Acis would never from Galatea rove.

AIR.

As when the dove
Laments her love,
All on the naked ſpray;
When he returns,
No more ſhe mourns,
But loves the live long day.
Billing cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs fill the grove;
Melting murmurs, laſting love.

DUET.

Mr. DIGNUM, and Mrs. BLAND.

Both. Happy we.
Mrs. Bland. What joys I feel!
Mr. Dignum. What charms I ſee.
Mrs. Bland. Of all youths, thou deareſt boy!
Mr. Dignum Of all nymphs, thou brighteſt fair!
Mrs. Bland. Thou all my bliſs,
Mr. Dignum. Thou all my joy! *Da Capo.*

CHORUS.

Happy we, *&c.*

PART II.

CHORUS.

WRETCHED lovers! fate has paſt
This ſad decree; no joy ſhall laſt.
Wretched lovers! quit your dream;
Behold the monſter Polypheme;
See what ample ſtrides he takes,
The mountain nods, the foreſt ſhakes,
The waves run frighten'd to the ſhores:
Hark! how the thund'ring giant roars.

RECITATIVE. accompanied.

Mr. MEREDITH.

I rage, I melt, I burn,
The feeble God has ſtabb'd me to the heart,
Thou truſty pine,
Prop of my God-like ſteps, I lay thee by:
Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In ſoft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

AIR.

Mr. MEREDITH.

O ruddier than the cherry
O ſweeter than the berry!
O nymph, more bright
Than moon-ſhine night,
Like Kidlings blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting cluſter!
No lilly has ſuch a luſtre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging flame,
And fierce as ſtorms that bluſter!
Da Capo.

RECTATIVE.

Mr. MEREDITH.

Whither, faireſt, art thou running,
Still my warm embraces ſhunning?

Mrs. BLAND.

The lion calls not to his prey,
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin ſtay.

Mr. MEREDITH.

Thee, Polyphemus, great as Jove,
Calls to empire, and to love:
To his palace in the rock,
To his dairy, to his flock;
To the grape of purple hue,
To the plumb of gloſſy blue;
Wildings, which expecting, ſtand
Proud to be gather'd by thy hand.

Mrs. BLAND.

Of infant limbs to make thy food,
And ſwill full draughts of human blood!
Go, monſter! bid ſome other gueſt;
I loath the hoſt; I loath the feaſt.

AIR.

Mr. MEREDITH.

Ceaſe to beauty to be ſuing:
Ever whining love diſdaining,
Let the brave, their aims purſuing,
Still be conqu'ring not complaining.

Da Capo.

AIR.

Master WELSH.

Would you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly, treat her:
Suff'ring is the lover's part:
Beauty, by constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing,
Lifeless charms without the heart.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Mr. KELLY.

His hedious love provokes my rage,
Weak as I am, I must engage;
Inspir'd with thy victorious charms,
The God of love will lend his arms,

AIR.

Mr. KELLY,

Love sounds the' alarm,
And fear is a flying:
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying?

In defence of my Treaſure
I'd bleed at each vein:
Without her no pleaſure,
For life is a pain. *Da Capo.*

AIR.

Miſs LEAKE.

Conſider fond ſhepherd,
How fleeting's the pleaſure,
That flatters our hopes
In purſuit of the fair.

RECITATIVE.

Mrs. CROUCH.

Ceaſe, O ceaſe, thou gentle youth:
Truſt my conſtancy and truth;
Truſt my truth, and pow'rs above,
The pow'rs propitious ſtill to love.

TRIO.

Mr. KELLY, Mr. MEREDITH, and Mrs. CROUCH.

Mr. KELLY and Mrs. CROUCH.

The flocks ſhall leave the mountains
The woods the turtle dove,
The nymphs forſake the fountains,
Ere I forſake my love.

Mr. MEREDITH.

Torture! fury! rage! deſpair!
I cannot, cannot, cannot, bear.

Mr. KELLY and Mrs. CROUCH.

Not ſhow'rs to larks more pleaſing,
Nor ſunſhine to the bee;
Not ſleep to toil ſo eaſing,
As theſe dear ſmiles to me.

Mr. MEREDITH.

Fly ſwift, thou maſſy ruin, fly:
Die, preſumptuous Acis die.

RECITATIVE.

Mr. KELLY.

Help Galatea! help ye parent gods!
And take me dying to your deep abodes.

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye muſes; weep, all ye ſwains;
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful ſtrains;
Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the neighb'ring ſhore.
Ah! the gentle Acis is no more.

AIR and CHORUS

Miſs LEAKE.

Muſt I my Acis ſtill bemoan,
Inglorious cruſh'd beneath that ſtone?
Muſt the lovely charming youth
Die for his conſtancy and truth?
Say, what comfort can you find?
For dark deſpair o'erclouds my mind.

CHORUS.

Ceaſe, Galatea, ceaſe to grieve;
Bewaïll not, whom thou can'ſt relieve:
Call forth thy pow'r, employ thy art;
The goddeſs ſoon can heal thy ſmart:
To kindred gods the youth return,
Thro' verdant plains to roll his urn.

RECITATIVE.

Mrs. CROUCH.

'Tis done: thus I exert my pow'r divine;
Be thou immortal, tho' thou art not mine.

AIR.

Heart, thou ſeat of ſoft delight!
Be thou now a fountain bright;

Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a chryſtal flood:
Rock, thy hollow womb diſcloſe
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows,
Thro' the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring ſtill his gentle love.

CHORUS.

Galatea, dry thy tears:
Acis now a God appears;
See how he rears him from his bed;
See the wreath that binds his head;
Hail! thou gentle, murm'ring ſtream,
Shepherd's pleaſure, Muſes' theme;
Thro' the plain ſtill joy to rove,
Murm'ring ſtill thy gentle love.

FINIS.

On Friday, By particular deſire,
The MESSIAH.